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METEOROLOGICAL RECORD.

Yesterday's Observations at the
 Local Weather Bureau Office.
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 10, 1898.
 Mean temperature, 34 degrees; departure
 from normal minus 5 degrees; maximum
 temperature, 32 degrees; minimum tem-
 perature, 15 degrees; accumulated depth of
 snow, 1.5 inches; accumulated deficiency of
 precipitation (inches and hundredths),
 none; departure from normal minus 46
 inches; accumulated deficiency of precipita-
 tion since first of the month, 45.56
 inches; accumulated deficiency of precipita-
 tion since Jan. 1, 1898, 113.56
 inches.
 Following is the local forecast of the
 weather for today: Fair; steady; tem-
 perature, 35 to 45.
 Section Director.

CHARACTER AS A SHIELD.

Character is a shield which protects
 a man from calumny. An empty charge
 against a citizen whose career is known,
 whose course has been honorable,
 whose reputation has been above re-
 proach, works him no injury.

The innocent and evidently unwar-
 ranted accusation made by Mr. Stout,
 who is now suffering at his home in
 this city from a pistol wound inflicted
 in some mysterious manner, will not in-
 jure Mr. Jones, against whom it is di-
 rected.

No one believes that Mr. Jones has
 ever entertained the slightest wish to
 harm his former associate in business,
 Mr. Stout, either physically or finan-
 cially. There is an utter absence of
 motive. There was no disposition to
 commit a crime. There was no oppor-
 tunity. Mr. Jones was at home when
 the shot was fired. The officers say
 that it would have been impossible for
 Mr. Stout to have recognized an assau-
 ltant at the place and in the gloom
 where the shooting occurred.

Resides, Mr. Stout had a revolver in
 his pocket when he was taken home.
 A shell had been recently discharged.
 Mr. Stout admitted that he had fired
 it. Still, pedestrians in the heart of the
 city declare they heard but one shot.
 It took one cartridge to inflict the
 wound from which Mr. Stout is
 suffering. Were two pistols discharged
 simultaneously?

It is always annoying to be compelled
 to meet a grave imputation, even when
 its origin is in a mind diseased. It is
 embarrassing to establish innocence
 when malice or vindictiveness makes it
 necessary. But no one really believes
 A. B. Jones capable of assaulting a
 broken old man like Mr. Stout in any
 way, much less with murderous intent.
 It is contrary to his nature. It is at
 variance with all the facts that are
 established.

WHAT LEADS TO SUICIDE.

One seldom picks up a newspaper
 nowadays but he finds an account of a
 suicide or an attempt at self-destruction
 in some part of the country or an-
 other. It is only when the matter is
 brought home to one's doors, when a
 neighbor or a fellow-townman be-
 comes the principal in such a tragedy
 that the awful significance of such an
 act is realized.

There are moments in the life of al-
 most every person when the charms of
 existence vanish in the gloom of de-
 spair, when the future holds out no in-
 documents, and fortune seems to mock
 every effort to overcome the obstacles
 fate places in the way.

Men less rich to which their very
 souls seem bound, they lose hope at the
 same time. The success of others tri-
 stles and maddens them. They shrink
 from the realities of life. They are
 afraid to face its hardships. Perhaps
 they have always been in good circum-
 stances; have never experienced the
 inconvenience of want or tasted the
 bitterness of poverty. It is hard for
 them to welcome ill they have always
 magnified, to enter a condition they
 have always despised.

Financial reverses have led to so many
 attempts at self-destruction. Bank-
 ruptcy is the cause of many a suicide.
 The victim is generally an object of
 the deepest commiseration. Who may
 tell his struggle? Who can describe
 his agony?

Temptation may have dogged his
 footsteps for days and weeks, begging
 him to fly from the whips and scorns
 of earthly existence. Night after night
 he may have tossed upon a sleepless
 pillow, haunted by dread and despair.
 In time a sort of madness comes, a
 strange foreboding, a melancholy that
 becomes a malady. Then another fear
 springs up—the fear of madness. The
 mind is haunted. And in this condi-
 tion desperate deeds are done or at-
 tempted.

But there are moments when a word
 of cheer will do a world of good; when
 a little encouragement will lift an aw-
 ful load from a tired heart; when a
 way through the future may be point-
 ed out, and even the path of de-
 scent from exultation to poverty be
 lighted by the rays of friendship. If
 this were borne in mind and men would
 pause in the rush and hurry of busi-
 ness life, to drop a word, to give a
 smile of brotherly interest for those
 who are struggling with misfortune,
 there would be fewer cases of suicide
 and attempted suicide to record.

CIVIL SERVICE CONSULS.

Consular reforms are contemplated
 by the president. The diplomatic ser-
 vice is not a matter that congress will
 be able to regulate, badly as it seems
 to need attention. It rests largely with
 the chief executive. About the only
 change to be effected by legislation is
 in the way of providing a better clerical
 force for the embassies and legations,
 by requiring it to be recruited

from the clerical force of the state de-
 partment in Washington, which is al-
 ready under the civil service rules, and
 in a generally efficient condition.

It is in the interest of commerce that
 this matter is pressed. It is of especial
 importance to all American ports where
 foreign shipping is a leading branch of
 business. The fact has gradually forced
 itself upon the attention of American
 shippers that the consular service has
 been weak in those essentials that ap-
 peal to the manufacturer and shipper.

Secretary Olney put into operation an
 independent merit system for the con-
 sular establishment, which was rigidly
 enforced as long as he remained in office,
 as many place-beggars discovered to
 their cost. But the present administra-
 tion started in appointing a lot of
 consuls and attaches who are decent
 enough citizens, with no special adap-
 tation for their new work, but with
 present ignorance for their chief dis-
 qualification.

Civil service rules, applied to this de-
 partment, would enable men to remain
 in their positions after demonstrating
 their usefulness to this government and
 its shippers. But, as a Washington
 correspondent of a Gotham paper puts
 it, when the present officials begin to
 learn their duties and are ready to give
 the government a fair service in ex-
 change for their salaries, another elec-
 tion will be held, there may come "an-
 other Pharaoh who knows not these
 Josephs, and out they will go like their
 predecessors, to make room for a lot of
 new recruits, on whose sifting education
 the government will waste another
 four years."

The Adams bill, which is now before
 the house, would answer every purpose,
 at least as a point of departure; the
 great thing is to have a bill of some
 sort in evidence, and because it can be
 modeled and improved in as many par-
 ticulars as desired.

All that is needed is to break up the
 habit of arbitrarily discharging a
 whole army of incompetents every four
 years, and for political reasons alone,
 and only to fill their places, equally ar-
 bitrarily, with incompetents.

A CONDITION, NOT A THEORY.

In another column may be found a
 communication from Hon. Charles
 Crane, in which he declares himself
 against the policy of territorial expan-
 sion.

It is too late to discuss this question.
 Two or three months ago there might
 have been something in an aggressive
 opposition. Today it is ill-timed. The
 die is cast. The nation has expanded.
 It is no longer a debatable question.
 The mischief, if it be mischief, has
 been done. There is only one thing to
 do, under the circumstances, and that
 is to make the best of it.

As well discuss the wisdom of begin-
 ning to discuss the policy of assuming
 responsibility for its results.

After the conflict was ended a pro-
 tocol was signed and commissioners were
 appointed to meet representatives of
 the Spanish government at Paris and
 arrange the terms of final settlement.
 The time for men to air their opinions
 in relation to the retention of con-
 quered territory was then. The Herald
 pointed out every objectionable fea-
 ture of Philippine fellowship; it never urged
 the retention of those islands. Mr.
 Crane assumes in his letter, but the
 fact is, that for that contention has passed,
 and the Herald is not disposed to com-
 plain about what has already been ac-
 complished; it has no inclination to en-
 courage a sentiment the growth of
 which, in this country, could accom-
 plish little now save the embarrass-
 ment of the representatives of this gov-
 ernment at Paris.

The situation is exactly this: An ul-
 timatum was sent to Spain by duly au-
 thorized commissioners of the United
 States, after a long and hanging over
 details. Spain consented to the condi-
 tions imposed. A treaty has been made.
 How can terms of peace ever be ar-
 ranged if at such a time it is the part
 of wisdom or of patriotism to refuse to
 acknowledge the justice of the demands
 made in the name and by the accredi-
 tted agents of this republic?

This is no time to debate the policy
 of expansion. Expansion is here, and
 what are we going to do about it? In
 the language of Grover Cleveland, it is
 a condition and not a theory that con-
 fronts us.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Burglars take a great many chances.
 Still, if they took nothing else, it
 wouldn't be so bad. They frequently
 take things for which they have no
 earthly use. But at Pocatello, the other
 night, one actually took something he
 was very much in need of,
 something that he really desired.

It was a beating. It was all he got
 that night, but it was all he could
 stand.

According to the report published in
 yesterday's Herald, this burglar had
 broken into a store owned by a man
 named Kane. He made noise enough
 to awaken the neighbors, but he
 couldn't raise Kane. One of the neigh-
 bors, Will Smith, went to the open
 window through which the burglar had
 crawled, and called for him to come
 forth.

This was a most unusual request,
 under the circumstances, but the lar-
 cener responded; and as he emerged he
 took the temporary workshop, his head came
 in sudden and frequent contact with a
 board, one end of which was held by
 this mysterious Billy Smith of Idaho.
 The burglar was taken to jail on a
 stretcher. As soon as he is able to
 move he will continue his journey to
 the penitentiary.

Moral: As Little Editha would say:
 "Don't burgle."

PRAISE FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Banker Clews is making a regular
 political monkey of himself. After the
 late election he issued a circular of
 praise to the people who voted for Re-
 publicans and gold monetarism. An-
 other circular bearing his well known
 signature has just found its way this
 far west, although published prior to
 the issue of the president's message.
 It is expected to be one of the most
 memorable ever penned by any presi-
 dent of the United States. I do not
 think I make any mistake in saying
 that its eloquence in praise of the army
 and navy of the United States and
 their valiant deeds during the war will
 electrify the nation. Never has there
 been a better opportunity for such a
 document than is now presented, and
 all patriotic voices throughout the en-
 tire nation will respond with praise of
 our wise, sagacious and in every other
 respect most excellent executive, for

his thorough and good work from the
 commencement of his term of office up
 to date—a trying and responsible period
 of nearly two years—without making a
 break. Our great and good president
 has certainly shown himself to be a
 marvelous organizer and a harmonizer
 worthy of lasting record."

What rot! What a fawning publican
 is this! Wall street worships at the shrine
 of "our wise, sagacious and in every
 other respect most excellent executive." Such
 fulsome effusiveness is enough to
 make a self-respecting president
 ashamed of the applause in which it is
 mingled.

"Our great and good president," says
 the cynophant, with one greedy eye
 upon an opening in the treasury vault!
 If the national strong box is to be
 looted by the minions of Wall street,
 let them do it in the old, hard way,
 with jangling spurs and clashing steel,
 rather than after the manner of confi-
 dence men.

It is more respectable to be robbed by
 a highwayman than by a bunco-
 steerer.

"Our great and good president," Tut,
 tut!

WILL CONTEST THE LEASE.

Senator Rawlins and Congressmen
 King have served notice on Secretary
 Bliss that they purpose to fight the
 scheme of the Raven syndicate to take
 control of the electric lands of Utah
 under the illegal Indian lease.

This determination will meet with the
 hearty approval of Utah people. The
 willingness of the administration to
 turn over these deposits to a rich syn-
 dicate, to grant special favors in the
 way of prospecting 230,000 acres of
 mineral lands with exclusive permis-
 sion to select and make locations, is on
 a plane with the policy of fostering
 trusts.

Utah has almost every character of
 mineral wealth, but if this natural re-
 source is to be given over to monopolies,
 what assurance have the people of this
 state that any other resource to which
 some eastern corporation takes a fancy
 may not be disposed of in the same
 high-handed way?

The privilege extended to this Raven
 syndicate under the leasehold rights
 guaranteed by the secretary of the in-
 terior, will have the customary effect
 of increasing the profits of those in
 control, and increasing the expense to
 the consumer at the same time.
 When it is considered that the pres-
 ent congress at its former session re-
 fused to confer upon the secretary the
 power to authorize such a lease, it
 would seem that Utah's representatives
 at Washington ought to be able to ob-
 tain a hearing.

The St. Joe (Mo.) Gazette contains
 the following complimentary notice of
 a representative-elect from Salt Lake
 county to the state legislature:
 "Charles Matthias Jackson, formerly of
 St. Joseph, has recently been elected a
 member of the Utah legislature. Col-
 onel Jackson will be remembered in
 local circles as a reporter for the Ga-
 zette in 1888-89. He was a large, rough
 bone in those days, and, according to
 late reports, has stubbornly resisted all
 efforts at polishing. He went from here
 to Omaha, where he gained fame as a
 reporter and writer, and thence drifted
 to Salt Lake, where he has been ship-
 ping in his own right way for the past
 eight years. Colonel Jackson is a man
 of great force, and throws what he
 is pleased to call 'great juice and uncti-
 on' into his work. That will be a dis-
 tinguished member of the Utah leg-
 islature there is no doubt."

Although The Herald announced yes-
 terday morning that Dr. Milwaukee
 had accepted the presidency of the
 Minnesota state normal school, he was
 commended to the people of the neigh-
 boring state of Wisconsin. That goes,
 for he will be a good neighbor. But to
 the people of Minnesota with whom he
 is soon to be identified as a fellow citi-
 zen, he is especially commended.

The pottery trust has completed its
 organization under the laws of New
 Jersey, with \$20,000,000 of capital stock.
 Where is the attorney general and the
 federal anti-trust statute?

"Hazing at Princeton," says a dis-
 patch, "is now officially dead." This
 is not the first fatality announced in
 connection with Princeton hazing.

The stockholders of the Boston Na-
 tional bank voted to liquidate last Fri-
 day. When bankers take to drink it is
 time for depositors to keep sober.

Eastern ladies should calm them-
 selves. There is really no occasion for
 alarm. It is believed that Mr. Roberts
 has all the wives he wants.

THE SEXTON OF THE SEA.

(John James Meehan in Leslie's Weekly.)
 You scatter flowers on the grassy mound
 That marks the spot where your loved one
 lies;
 You bring them emblems with never a
 thought
 For the dead beneath the sea.

For every ship that the hands of men
 Have built with chart and wheel,
 The bones of men a hundred-fold
 Are laid beneath its keel.

A canvas sheath and an iron bar
 At the weary head and the wasted feet,
 And lo! from the deck they move away,
 From the heart's throat as a best!

Soldiers and sailors and captains grand,
 Babes with a mother's breast
 Wet with the lips that will touch no more,
 Come down in my arms to rest.

And I lay them gently alone to sleep,
 Where the bed of the sand is clear,
 And none may wander, and none shall
 stray.
 For I keep them, oh, so dear!

And hark! When the bell-buoy toils at
 night,
 Above the wave where the fishes swim,
 You may know that I keep my Father's
 watch.
 For the day I shall give them back to him!

STILL A NOVICE.

(Chicago News.)
 In childhood days we played together;
 I kept a store, she came to buy;
 Sometimes I was her husband
 And she would coddle me and mud pie.
 Ah! that was long ago, and many
 A country have we wandered through;
 Today she's married to another
 And settled down and happy, too.

Last night they had me in to dinner,
 And she was so kind and so true,
 She knows no more about peaking
 Than she did when we, as children,
 played.

ON THE SIDE.

(L. A. W. Bulletin.)
 Where highways are too rough to ride,
 Why, here's a fact that should be
 known:
 Whenever you walk your wheel beside,
 You have a sidewalk of your own.

UTAH'S THIRD LEGISLATURE.



HON. DAVID SAVAGE COOK.
 David Savage Cook is one of Utah's native sons. He was born at
 Goshen, Utah county, in 1858, but has resided for many years in Rich-
 county. Some of his ancestors came to the United States in the May
 flower. He has been a county commissioner and has represented the
 Democrats of Rich county at several Democratic state conventions. Mr.
 Cook is both a merchant and a farmer.

Mr. Cook made an excellent record in the house of the Second
 state legislature as a conservative, painstaking member. He is a Dem-
 ocrat.

CRANE ON EXPANSION.

To the Editor of The Herald:
 In an editorial of your issue of yesterday
 you say: "The necessity for an increased
 army is apparent; the question of terri-
 torial expansion is no longer debatable."
 I have been a county commissioner and
 have represented the Democrats of Rich
 county at several Democratic state conven-
 tions. Mr. Cook is both a merchant and a farmer.

Unknown to the young shoemaker,
 when, next day, he went to buy the
 leather, he was "shadowed." The per-
 son who followed him was not a de-
 tective, but a gentleman, who had been
 commissioned to inquire about him,
 and had done so with satisfactory re-
 sults. The shoemaker was about to
 pay for his purchase, when the leather
 merchant astonished him by offering to
 give him credit. The unseen "shad-
 ower" had conferred with the word
 for him in the ear of the merchant.

That open account was the begin-
 ning of better days for the poor young
 man. Prosperity followed, and sur-
 prising orders from the wealthiest fam-
 ilies poured in. He married and estab-
 lished a comfortable home, and for
 years was known in London as the
 "parliament shoemaker."

Had he stayed in London he might
 never have known who his secret friend
 was, but the longing of his wife for
 her native country finally decided him
 to return to Berlin. When he paid his
 last bill his dealer told him that the
 man to whom he owed the credit had
 put him on his feet as Mr. Gladstone.
 The great minister happened to be in
 the whispering gallery at the opportune
 moment, and had overheard the tale of
 the young workman's poverty.

When Mr. Gladstone died, a plain
 oakleaf chaplet came from Berlin,
 through the hands of the British con-
 sult in that city, to be placed with the
 funeral offerings around the state-
 man's casket. It was the German
 shoemaker's gift of remembrance, af-
 ter twenty years and its simplicity
 would have delighted the heart of the
 illustrious Englishman, who was as
 modest in his private kindness as he
 was grand in public command.

The General and the Private.

An exchange repeats this war story,
 told by a member of General Miles'
 staff, as an incident that occurred down
 at Tampa before the departure of the
 troops for Santiago. He was standing
 in the office of the Tampa Bay hotel
 one evening, dressed in a plain busi-
 ness suit and smoking a cigar, when a
 tall, raw-boned private from the Fifth
 Maryland regiment stropped up to him
 and said:

"Say, partner, give us a light."
 The gentleman addressed put his
 hand in his pocket, drew out a silver
 case, took a match from it, struck fire
 and handed it politely to the soldier,
 who thanked him and lighted his cigar.

The encounter was witnessed by the
 porter of the hotel, who watched his
 chance and said to the soldier:

"Who was the man who gave you the
 match?"

"I don't know, except that he is a
 gentleman," returned the Maryland
 boy.

"Well, I'll tell you who he is," said
 the porter, "and you won't feel so big
 when you know it was General Miles."

"The devil you say!" was the re-
 sponse, as the soldier walked off in
 chagrin. Awaiting his opportunity, he
 stepped up to the general, with a salu-
 te, and said:

"General, I have to apologize to you
 for what may have seemed to you an
 impertinence, but I had never seen you
 before, and you were nothing to indi-
 cate your rank, so I took the liberty of
 addressing you as I would any stran-
 ger, and I hope you will excuse me
 for it."

"Don't let that worry you," said Gen-
 eral Miles. "I was a private soldier
 once myself."

Economic.

(Detroit Free Press.)
 Husband: Why, you got twice as
 much from this dressmaker as you said
 you wanted.

Wife: I thought it best to get it all
 from one place, dead on account of the
 war tax.

"But why?"
 "You only have to send out one check
 now."

His Vindictiveness.
 (Puck.)
 Farmer Hawbuck (looking up from
 his newspaper)—By whack! The editor
 of the Weekly Clarion is an unforgiv-
 ing cuss!

Mrs. Hawbuck—What makes ye say
 so, Lot?

Farmer Hawbuck—Why, he still goes
 on callin' the Spaniards the haughty
 dons.

Carrying It to An Extreme.
 (Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
 "Bikby is the most rabid anti-annexa-
 tionist I ever met."
 "How is that?"
 "He was on a 'floating island' the
 other night for dessert, and he wouldn't
 touch 'em."

THE REAL TEST.

(Chicago Tribune.)
 To gain renown some men will wade
 through fire and blood;
 But none has won a lasting fame
 Until he has conferred his name
 On some five-cent cigar.

A Slight Misunderstanding.
 (Judge.)
 Honey—Yer mudder's a wash-woman,
 helga, helga!
 Baby—Shaint—she's a laundress, so
 she is.
 Honey—Shaint got a lawn dress to
 'er name—nuffin' but a ole calico.

SOME GOOD, SHORT STORIES.

Herrmann Was Overmatched.

(Washington Post.)
 "The dead magician, Herrmann, loved
 nothing better than a game of poker,
 and by his wizard touch could manip-
 ulate the cards beyond the possibility
 of detection if he so willed," said Mr.
 W. Sully of Boston at the Norman-
 die.

"But Herrmann scorned to do any-
 thing crooked. If he ever cheated he
 was never taken in and invariably re-
 funded any money won by his art.
 Once he was tricked in a very funny
 way. He got into a two-handed game
 with a noted western gambler, who
 was almost as expert as Herrmann.
 The latter had been told to look out
 for this man, but he hadn't the slight-
 est doubt of his ability to protect him-
 self.

"The pair set in to play freeze-out
 for big money. Herrmann had a lot of
 rather worn paper currency and some
 gold and silver, while the professional
 had mostly crisp new bills of large de-
 nomination. The game was warm and
 very interesting, but Herrmann kept
 most luck, and he managed to get hold
 of the new bills of high figure, the gam-
 blier acquiring the old notes and a ma-
 jor part of the coin. Herrmann quit a
 heavy winner, and then said to his op-
 ponent: 'I want you to take back all
 the money I have won of you, for I did
 not play fairly. I wouldn't keep a dol-
 lar unless I had taken it on the square.'"
 "To his surprise the gambler abso-
 lutely refused to accept the offer. 'I
 played just as crookedly as you did,'
 he said, 'and whenever I'm beaten I
 at my own game he is welcome to my
 money.' All efforts of the magician to
 get him to reconsider were unavailing,
 and finally Herrmann went away with
 about \$300 of the fellow's new currency,
 while the gambler took off something
 like \$300 that he had acquired from the
 wizard."

"Later on the wizard saw the method
 in the professional's madness. He was
 telling some friends of his queer ex-
 perience while taking in a bar, and
 room, and Herrmann, saying he was
 enough ahead to set up the wine, of-
 fered a \$50 in payment. The barkeeper,
 after a second inspection, handed him
 back the money. It was a counter-
 feit, and so was all the rest. That was
 Herrmann's last game of poker outside
 his own circle of personal friends."

Available Testimony.

(Indianapolis Journal.)
 A story being told by Major Menzies
 is being circulated through the offices
 in the state house, of a Vincennes law-
 yer who appeared for the defendant in
 a trial by jury, and put on the witness
 stand a boy from whose testimony he
 expected to gain a great deal. To the
 confusion of the attorney, the story